

December 9th 1827

My dearest Mary,

Your note was most delightful to me, because it told that you mourned for my absence. & I enjoyed it more than I should have done a long letter full of wisdom. — How came Stephen to know you? William Cleveland dined with him a day or two after I came away, & told me he expressed regret that he did not know when I was coming, for he fully intended calling again. This is pleasant to think of, altho' I did not realize it.

Olivia White mentioned Italian again the other day when I was there, & there is some reason to hope she & Mary will study it after all. She has got Corinne & expressed a wish that I should read it with her; but here the matter rests. I hope she will mention it again, for it would be truly charming to follow Corinne with her through Italy.

I have done nothing since I came home in my spare moments but ponder & reflect upon Mr Russell's book of thoughts. It seems to me that if I had no other source of light, this would go very far to enlighten my mind, & now that I know Mr Russell better, his sentiments speak with greater force & effect than when I first read them. This whole

conversation is a series of just such sentiments.  
& you are within hearing of them! I am  
glad you appreciate such a privilege.  
For it is a pity it should be lost. You do  
not know how much good my visit did to  
all things concerned. If Mr Russell only  
knew, what I never could tell him, how  
much & what decided benefit <sup>experiences from</sup> hearing him,  
& contemplating his character, he would be  
glad, because he is so disinterested.

We had a dear old man to preach for us to day  
but he was followed up with a train of misfortune.  
When he took the hymn book, he found he  
had no spectacles, & it was evident he could  
not see. He searched in all his pockets  
with a look of fearful apprehension, & at last  
got up. I expected he was going to say he  
could not preach, but no. He called for  
the sexton. The sexton went, & when he  
came down from the pulpit, Judge Putman  
& another gentleman offered their spectacles.  
He tried them both, & happily one suited  
him, so he began. His long prayer was  
truly devotional & spiritual, & I thanked  
him for it. When he commenced his  
sermon he could not see distinctly  
because the day was so dark, & every  
blind was shut. Detached & interrupted  
as it was, however, it was excellent &  
full of truth. This afternoon, it was  
darker yet, & my cheeks absolutely  
burned with shame at the thoughtfulness  
of the people who sat near the windows.

for they did not open the books (excepting the  
cells) as the he continually looked round to  
see if any one would not come to his relief.  
I never supposed so much in church before  
as I am determined, if it is such another  
another Sunday, to ask the deacon before  
meeting to open every openable thing.  
The pater noster would make him say  
as he must have read the psalm after  
so much standing. As Mr. Russell told  
the children one day. How well it would  
be for people to think of it. "I didn't think  
of it," is the universal answer for all  
kinds of meditation. I thought it  
was possible Mr. Walker might come  
in to day, & then almost forgot he  
would not, because I was sensible  
what a young of you would take the  
the most acceptable part of me. I do not  
know my face. I believe he is got to me  
greater than Dr. Channing.  
I wish you could ask Anna Dwight to  
write to me, & give my love to her. May  
best live to George, & tell him a letter  
from him would be very acceptable  
You did not read the bill to my  
niece, dear. I wish you would.  
Then you ask Elizabeth whether I may  
read Mr. Russell's book to the others.  
Do not forget to tell me, for I shall not  
have patience to wait another week.  
Oh, cannot you write me now.

times what you recollect of Perspective,  
for I want to remember all that I can.  
Good night, my darling. Bless Elizabeth  
for me, & believe me your own as ever.

My Mary & Peabody.  
Boston.